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The Empress of Russia. The Princess of Wales. The Duchess of Cumberland. The Queen of Denmark.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS.

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THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND HER DAUGHTERS.

With the Queen of Denmark among her daughters,—beautiful daughters of a more beautiful mother,—says a recent writer, the humblest home-keeping woman in the land is in touch. In the royal family of Denmark as in no other royal family in Europe, the loveliest elements of domesticity have flourished and come to happy fruition.

The story of the three royal girls brought up on the wind-blown shores of the German ocean, and, though living in a palace, taught by a wise father and mother to practise frugality and learn the value of small economies, has brought them very near to all the other girls of Christendom.

That Princess Alexandra made her own bonnets, and Princess Dagmar and Princess Thyra darned their laces and did their own clear-starching, are stories more delightful to hear than any that may be now told of their regal authority and magnificence. That royal wooers should ride up to the palace gate and change the thimbles of the poor Danish princesses into wedding-rings is as happy and suitable rounding out of the story as that the prince carries away Cinderella in a coach made from a pumpkin by the wand of an old fairy. Thus should industry and virtue be always rewarded.

Worldlier mothers, burdened with the fates of marriageable daughters, will agree that the Queen of Denmark ought to wear the young and sunny face she bears. Few mothers have seen their daughters so early and advantageously settled in life. Her eldest and most gracious daughter, Alexandra, is Princess of Wales, the most beloved woman in all England, and yet to be Queen of the United Kingdom and Empress of India. Her second daughter, Dagmar, who leans caressingly on her mother's knee, is the wife of the autocrat of all the Russias. Her youngest daughter, the wilful, capricious, fitful Thyra, has missed a crown, but as Duchess of Cumberland is mistress of one of the finest fortunes in Europe. And in addition to this happy disposition of daughters, her eldest son is Crown-Prince, and her second son has set up a successful business on his own account as King of Greece.

For the rest of the world the most pleasing circumstance in this royal procession of marrying and giving in marriage is not in connection with thrones and trappings, principalities and powers, but that, brought down to our own standards of living, while the royal girls are not exempt from all the trials and pains of life, they are happy, prosperous, devoted wives and good mothers, and that the hearts of their husbands do safely trust in them.

Every summer it is the custom of all these royal and princely households to gather at the summer palace of the King and Queen of Denmark. Year by year the group has widened; babies have become girls and boys; these have merged into young men and women, who now return, bringing new members as husbands and wives. Every thanksgiving reunion, every gathering of married girls and boys with their broods about the Christmas log, is eloquent of the same sort of joy that attends the Danish princesses' home-gathering each year. The roof-tree is the roof-tree, whether of palace or farm-house; the haunts of childhood and its memories take no account of rank or power. It is not three princesses surrounding a queen that we see; it is three loving daughters clustering around their mother.

THE STORY OF ISAI DAI.

Many years ago a missionary in India baptized a convert from idolatry, calling him Isai Dai, which means the servant of God. Isai Dai afterwards became an active preacher of the gospel, suffering many things because of his renunciation of his paternal religion.

One day when he was journeying on foot he was attacked in a forest by robbers.

"Who are you?" they asked him abruptly.

"I am a preacher," replied the man.

"And you, friends, who are you?"

"That's none of your business," was the rough reply. "And don't say 'friends' to us; we are all your enemies. Where is your money?"

"I have not much, only five annas."

He gave them what money he had, and a watch which a missionary had given him a year before, adding, "You have not found my most precious treasure."

The robbers, surprised at this, commanded him to give it up at once.

"In one minute," was the reply, and then Isai Dai began to sing a Christian hymn.

The robbers listened in attentive silence. When the hymn was finished he began to tell them about Jesus Christ, the Son of God, saying that he was the greatest treasure in the world. When he ceased the head robber said,

"Friend, you have found the key to our hearts. You have conquered us; but you must come with us."

Then, giving back his coat and his watch and mounting the preacher upon a horse, they hastened away to their home, where the head robber was mayor.

Arrived there he said to the preacher, "You must stay here. My wife is sick, and if you are a man of God you must cure her."

"By the grace of God," replied Isai Dai; "I can do it no other way."

Having already had some experience in sickness, he made a medicine, and praying to God with all his heart, the woman in time recovered.

After twenty days the mayor said, "Now you are free to return to your own home. But you have benefited us much, therefore take these two liras (eight dollars and twenty-five cents) and go." And the preacher went in peace to his home.—*Stavraky Dimosthenou, in American Messenger.*

MODERN METHODS OF BIBLE STUDY.

BY REV. J. B. KANAGA, A. M.

We may, and each day should, take up the Bible for the sole purpose of Christian edification. Christian life can not come to much which does not draw its inspiration from the highest source. We are to grow in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. "You shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." In the high-priestly prayer of Jesus we have this petition: "Sanctify them through thy truth." Begotten by the Spirit of God, our spiritual life is to be developed, perpetuated and perfected in the truth. It is a general principle which the Apostle illustrates in the historic statement that "They of Berea were more noble than they of Thessalonica, because they searched the Scriptures daily" for personal profit. But this is not the fact to which we desire to call special attention, but rather to qualify and set in right relation what may follow.

My recollection of the method of Bible study in the Sunday-school of twenty years ago, in the old home church, is like this. The superintendent would himself read a chapter chosen at random. After singing and prayer the school, in the several classes, would take up a chapter—always a whole chapter—so much and no more. "What does this verse mean?" was the monotonous question. So the teacher went on, on—drearily on. Monotony, hop-skip-and-jump superficiality, and frequent diversions from the theme of the lesson—these are some prominent characteristics of the methods thus employed.

Then we arrived at the era of the international lesson series; of abundant well-prepared "lesson helps" issued under the various denominational auspices, and furnishing the teacher ample equipment. Thus, by the improved and multiplied facilities for systematic Bible study, correspondingly more satisfactory results are assured in popular biblical instruction. On this point it is unnecessary to dwell in argument or illustration. The fact will be universally conceded.

But at present it is not considered sufficient to have method in our study of the Scriptures. It is insisted that these methods should be modern in all that the term indicates of progressive thoroughness. Scientific methods are now employed in every legitimate sphere of inquiry. The results secured are amazingly magnificent. By the magic touch of prevailing scientific methods the boundary lines of ascertained truths are constantly extending. The Bible, as the embodiment of saving truth, has nothing to fear but much to hope for from the application of modern methods of study. The painful spectacle of the centuries has been a loose and incompetent handling of the word of God. The inborn passion of cultivated intellect is to know the truth and to systematize that knowledge. At the impulse of this passion, in the use of approved scientific methods, the Sunday-school may yet, to a credible degree, become a sort of theological seminary instead of a mere weekly sitting down to a repast of pious, common-place comments. Our Bible study must not be less devout in spirit or purpose, but with better system and broader scope.—*Living Epistle.*

OUR DAILY LIFE.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose or ennobled thereby.—*George Macdonald.*

Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him.

PSA. 37: 7.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—MARCH 15, 1891.

GEHAZI PUNISHED.—2 Kings 5: 15-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Be sure your sin will find you out."—Num. 32: 23.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 5: 15-27.—Gehazi Punished.
T. Num. 12: 1-12.—Miriam's Leprosy.
W. Num. 32: 1-33.—Your Sin will Find You Out.
Th. Prov. 15: 20-33.—Greed of Gain.
F. Josh. 7: 16-25.—Achan's Sin.
S. Prov. 30: 1-10.—Neither Poverty nor Riches.
S. 1 Tim. 6: 1-11.—The Love of Money.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Naaman's Gratitude. vs. 15-19.
II. Gehazi's Covetousness. vs. 20-24.
III. Gehazi's Punishment. vs. 25-27.

TIME.—B.C. 894; Jeroboam, the son of Ahab, king of Israel; Benhadad II. king of Syria.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel.

OPENING WORDS.

Naaman, grateful for his cure, returned to Elisha and pressed upon him a reward. But the prophet refused to take anything. Gehazi his servant determined to turn the opportunity to his own advantage. Of his sin and its punishment we have a record in to-day's lesson.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 15. *He returned*—Naaman went away in a rage, he came back full of thankfulness. *Take a blessing*—receive the gifts I have brought. V. 16. *He refused*—so Christ's cleansing, saving work is without money and without price. V. 17. *Two mules' burden of earth*—Naaman still has no notion of Jehovah but as a God of one country. He thinks therefore that by carrying with him a quantity of the soil of Israel he may provide a place for acceptable sacrifice for him in his own country. V. 18. *The Lord pardon thy servant*—he will offer no more sacrifices to Rimmon. But the king his master worships in Rimmon's temple, and Naaman must be in attendance, and must bow when the king bows down, or he will give offence. *Rimmon*—a god of the Syrians, nowhere mentioned in the Bible but in this passage. V. 19. *Go in peace*—we are not to consider this answer as implying that the service of God and the service of Rimmon might be combined. But the prophet appears rather to be willing to leave the good seed already sown to bear fruit in due season. V. 24. *The tower*—Revised Version, "the hill;" either that on which Samaria was built or that on which Elisha's house stood. V. 26. *Is it a time*—Gehazi's conduct would tend to weaken or destroy the impression made upon Naaman. V. 27. *A leper as white as snow*—in punishment not only of his avarice and lying, but most of all for the scandal brought upon Elisha, who had solemnly refused to take any gift.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Who was Naaman? How was he healed? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. NAAMAN'S GRATITUDE, vs. 15-19.—What did Naaman do after he was healed? What had his cure led him to think concerning the God of Israel? What did he ask the prophet to take? Why did Elisha refuse his presents? What did Naaman then request? What declaration did he make? What farther did he say? What was the prophet's reply?

II. GEHAZI'S COVETOUSNESS, 20-24.—What did Gehazi determine to do? What tempted him to this sin? What commandment did he break? What lie did he tell to Naaman? What present did he receive? What did he do with it? What did Elisha say to him? What led Gehazi to commit this sin? How had he dishonored the prophet?

III. GEHAZI'S PUNISHMENT, vs. 25-27.—How did the prophet know what Gehazi had done? How did Elisha reprove Gehazi? What sentence did he pronounce upon him? What followed this sentence? Why was he thus punished? How does this lesson illustrate the Golden Text?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That undue love of gain leads to deception and falsehood.
2. That lying is very foolish as well as wicked.
3. That fraud and deception are sooner or later detected.
4. That sin and folly often bring great and immediate suffering.
5. That persons possessed of the greatest religious opportunities may be rebels against God and fall under his wrath.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Naaman do after he was healed? Ans. He returned to the prophet and asked him to accept the presents he had brought.
2. What was the prophet's reply? Ans. As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none.
3. What great sin did Gehazi commit? Ans. He received a present from Naaman, by falsely telling him that Elisha had sent him to ask for it.
4. What sentence did Elisha pronounce upon him? Ans. The leprosy of Naaman shall cleave unto thee and unto thy seed for ever.
5. What followed this sentence? Ans. Gehazi became a leper as white as snow.

LESSON XII.—MARCH 22, 1891.

ELISHA'S DEFENDERS.—2 Kings 6: 8-18.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Fear not; for they that be with us are more than they that be with them."—2 Kings 6: 16.

HOME READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 6: 1-7.—The Borrowed Axe.
T. 2 Kings 6: 8-23.—Elisha's Defenders.
W. Psalm 46: 1-11.—God our Refuge.
Th. Psalm 68: 7-20.—Chariots of God.
F. Psalm 76: 1-12.—The Stout-hearted Spoiled.
S. Psalm 91: 1-16.—Angelic Guards.
S. Heb. 1: 1-14.—Angelic Ministry.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Baffled King. vs. 8-12.
II. The Alarmed Servant. vs. 13-15.
III. The Angel-guarded Prophet. vs. 16-18.

TIME.—B.C. 893; Jehoram king of Israel; Benhadad II. king of Syria; Shalmaneser king of Assyria.

PLACES.—Samaria, the capital of Israel; Dothan, twelve miles north of Samaria.

OPENING WORDS.

After the healing of Naaman, Elisha, in behalf of a poor member of one of the schools of the prophets, wrought the miracle of causing the iron axe-head to float on the water of the Jordan into which it had fallen, 2 Kings 6: 1-7. Then follows the lesson of to-day, probably in its true chronological place; but its exact date is not certainly known.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

V. 8. *Warred against Israel*—the inroads here described appear to have been made by bands of plunderers, of course with the knowledge and under the direction of the king. *Servants*—officers of his army. *In such and such a place*—to surprise and ensnare the Israelites. V. 9. *Are come down*—Revised Version, "Are coming down;" they were lying or intending to lie in ambush ready to capture any that came in their way. V. 11. *Sore troubled*—vexed to find that all his plans were made known and defeated. *Will ye not show me*—he suspected that there were traitors among his own people. V. 12. *In thy bedchamber*—in the greatest possible secrecy. V. 14. *By night*—so as to take the city by surprise, and Elisha in it. V. 15. *Servant*—or minister; probably a young man from one of the schools of the prophets. V. 16. *They that be with us*—God's angels ever guard those who love him. Ps. 34: 7; 55: 18; 91: 11; Heb. 1: 14. V. 17. *Opened the eyes*—only spiritual sight can see the things of God. *Horses and chariots of fire*—symbols of the protecting powers of heaven. They were there before, only not seen. *Round about Elisha*—an inner circle of heavenly guards within the outer one of Syrian besiegers. V. 18. *Smote them with blindness*—perhaps not with a total blindness, but with such an illusion as prevented them from recognizing Elisha, or understanding where they were or what they were doing, thus putting them wholly in the prophet's power. This prayer was offered and answered to show the Syrians that it was useless to fight against the God of Israel."

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Of what sins was Gehazi guilty? How was he punished? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE BAFFLED KING. vs. 8-12.—Who made war against Israel? How were all his expeditions defeated? How did Elisha know of them? What did the king of Syria suspect? How did he find out the truth?

II. THE ALARMED SERVANT. vs. 13-15.—Where was Elisha? How did the king of Syria plan to take him? Who discovered that the Syrians had surrounded Dothan? What did Elisha's servant say to him?

III. THE ANGEL-GUARDED PROPHET. vs. 16-18.—What encouraging reply did Elisha give his servant? For what did Elisha pray? How was his prayer answered? How did this host protect the prophet from the Syrians? What did the Lord do to the Syrians in answer to the prophet's prayer? Whither did Elisha lead them? v. 19. How was their blindness removed? v. 20. What did they see when their eyes were opened?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That God knows every secret plot against his people.
2. That he guards and defends them by silent and unseen agencies.
3. That his hosts are stronger than armies and horsemen.
4. That all who trust in him are kept in perfect safety.
5. That we need spiritual eyesight to see God's protecting care.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. Who made war upon Israel? Ans. The king of Syria.
2. How were his plans defeated? Ans. Elisha the prophet revealed them to the king of Israel.
3. What did the king of Syria do? Ans. He sent an armed host to take the prophet prisoner.
4. How was Elisha defended? Ans. A host of angels encamped about him.
5. How were the Syrians brought into the power of Israel? Ans. The Lord smote them with blindness, and then Elisha led them to Samaria.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

WHY HAVE WOMEN NO TIME?

BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

Men seldom complain of lack of time, out of business hours; but women complain of it habitually. Whether at home or absent from it, they are over occupied. They always have a hundred things to do; they are never able to finish, before going to bed, what they have planned in the morning. Husbands frequently speak of this without capacity to understand it. True, women have far more to do than men; true, their work can never be finished. But is it true that they have no time? And if it be, is not the fault measurably theirs? As has often been said, they have all the time there is. If the days were forty-eight hours long would they have any more? Not a particle. Persons who uniformly feel and say that they have no time, are predestined never to have any.

Why is it that women have no time? Chiefly because they are without system; secondly, because they do not take advantage of odd minutes; thirdly, because they are always trying to be polite. The fact that men act very differently may account for their usually having time to do what they wish. While women's time is liable to ceaseless interruption; while they have no hours, as men have, still, might they not adopt something like system? They generally know, when they get up in the morning, what their occupations will be until the hour of going to bed. They should devote different periods to different duties, and adhere to them as rigidly as they can. In theory, they often do; in practice, they do not. They obey impulse and the convenience of the moment. They permit themselves to be turned aside from the thing in hand to something else; and each interruption involves thrice the loss of time that the mere interruption costs.

The duties become confused, their intentions tangled, and when the day has closed they find various things neglected which they had fully made up their mind to perform. The next day they think they will not fail of performance; but the same circumstances intervene, with the same result. And so it goes from week to week, from month to month, until the poor women, constantly struggling, constantly resolving, constantly failing, get very nervous, and despair of ever accomplishing what they undertake. They keep bravely and actively at work; but the consciousness of regularly falling behind must ultimately affect their spirits and weaken their determination. They are inclined to attempt more than they, or any one of their nature, in their circumstances, can possibly achieve. If they would attempt half as much, and complete the half, the effect would be salutary. Nothing is much more disheartening than the memory of not doing what we had purposed. A series of such memories will, in season, weaken the will, and thus impair capacity.

Women are more courageous, morally, than we are. When we would despond, and lose our hold on life by repeated failure, they retain their confidence, and still grasp their aim. They hope against hope; they are cheerful in the face of disappointment. They believe after ten or twenty years of never having had time to do what they wish, that they will yet have all the time they crave. Beautiful faith! Sanguine women!

As an example of a want of system, a woman decides to appropriate two hours of morning—from ten to twelve o'clock—to a certain occupation. She is at it when, at 10.30, some ordinary acquaintance calls, having no right or reason to interrupt her. Does she ask to be excused, as a man would? By no means. She thinks that she ought to see the acquaintance, presumably feminine, for it would be a pity to send her away after she had taken the trouble to come, etc., etc., in the typical manner of woman's over-compassion. She sees her: she consumes an hour or more of valuable time, and then that engagement must be deferred. The next day arrives, and she begins again. At 11 o'clock, a letter from a dear friend is brought in. It is delightful to read; but it demands no answer at any given date. It has, however, touched her heart: she will reply while her emotions are warm. She spends two or three hours in that way, when fifteen minutes would have sufficed (how women waste themselves in writing superfluously long letters!) and again the special duty is deferred.

These interruptions continually occur—they are of great variety, but commonly of a more or less social character—and so interfere with routine as to render it impossible. A man would not admit of any such encroachments on his business or duties, and therefore saves his time for his own use, instead of distributing it miscellaneously among his fellows, who are not at all benefited by what is a positive loss to him. The serious mistake of women is in their effort to combine the social and the practical, to be attractive and efficient simultaneously. Who has ever known a woman having any relation with society to say to a visitor, "I have just five minutes to spare and then I must go?" She may say, "I am in a great hurry; I have an important engagement"; and at the end of an hour she will be so interested in the conversation as to be unmindful of her hurry or engagement. Occasionally a woman is so energetic, so practical, so severe as to look at her watch, and discontinue an interview abruptly, on account of the warning it gives her. But she is regarded by her own sex as unconventional, eccentric, unaccountable. The majority of them would rather be behind in any number of obligations than be guilty of behavior so disagreeable. To be disagreeable is, in their eyes, the deepest of sins, the most unpardonable of blunders.

Quick as women are in thought, rapid as they are in execution, they seldom know how to profit by the brief intervals between various kinds of work. They do not have time to avail themselves of bits of time. They are so very busy that they cannot think of trifles. Their minds dwell on important labors. They do not wish to begin what they cannot finish. Consequently, they lose, nearly every day, an hour or two, composed of divided minutes which they have refrained from employing on account of division. Women, too, frequently lack executive power; they are inclined to believe that they must do everything themselves. They talk so incessantly of having no time that the idea grows to be a bugbear, and they come finally to have no time.

Many an exemplary husband has become alienated from his wife by hearing perpetually that she has no time. He remembers, before marriage, that she always had time to write him love letters, and he draws his deduction between then and now.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

MRS. BEST WASHES FLANNELS.

This happened at our sewing circle. We had been talking over our crochet patterns and exchanging our pet recipes. I fancied Mrs. Best looked depressed. She has little to do with crochet work and fancy cooking in these days. But Mrs. Best's opportunity came; the conversation took a different turn.

"I should like to have my children wear all-wool flannels, especially Lucy, with her lung trouble. But I have given up the idea, after several trials. The garments shrink, sometimes even in two or three washings, so the children can hardly get them on."

Mrs. Best looked up quickly.

You must know that there had been some difference of opinion among us about inviting Mrs. Best to join the society. Some of us thought she could hardly feel at ease among us as things were.

Before Mr. Best died there would have been no question, for, though they were not exactly what one would call well-to-do people, Mr. Best belonged to one of our respectable old families, and no one could be more lady-like, in a most unassuming way, than Mrs. Best.

But now,—well, it did seem odd to sit with Mrs. Dr. Loring on one side of you and her washerwoman on the other.

"It did seem a pity," some said, "that Mrs. Best would not choose some other way of earning her living than by taking in washing. To go out as housekeeper in some good family, for instance, would be different."

Mrs. Best said she wanted to keep a home for her children. She had been successful; Mrs. Dr. Loring and several others had thought it worth while to pay her prices—somewhat higher than the usual rates—for the sake of her careful and reliable work.

Mrs. Best did not take nearly so long to accept her opportunity as it has taken me to write this interlude.

"I can tell you how to wash flannels without shrinking," she said. She spoke as simply and naturally as if it had been a matter of a new clover-leaf edge.

"Make a good suds, as hot as you can bear your hands in. I prefer, myself, some of the hard white soaps. Add pulverized borax, a tablespoonful for each pailful of water. If the flannels are much soiled, I also add a little ammonia,—say a scant teaspoonful to a pailful of suds. Flannels ought never to be rubbed on a board, and not even with the hands unless some very soiled places refuse to come clean without rubbing.

"Take plenty of time to toss them about in the suds, pressing the water through and through them with the hands. Rinse in two waters, and be careful to have the rinsing water as hot as the hands can bear.

"Many people pour scalding water on flannels, but I have not had the best success by that method. Wring quickly, with as little twisting as possible, and shake and pull out the wrinkles. Hang out to dry immediately.

"I think freezing hurts flannels somewhat, and I choose my washing days carefully in the winter. But I prefer to let them freeze, if they must, in the open air, than to have them drying about the fire and absorbing kitchen odors

"I have had flannels appear nearly as soft and pliable as new at the end of a second season's wear, washed in this way, but a single careless washing will do them harm beyond repairing."

Mrs. Best took up her sewing again.

"This should come under the newspaper heading, 'Important, if True,'" said the minister's wife. "If I can borrow a pencil and paper, I shall note one or two of your points down, and consider you have done me a great favor, Mrs. Best."

Mrs. Dr. Loring said, afterwards, "No one but a born lady could have faced us with that air of perfect self-possession to tell us what she had learned as a practical washerwoman." Mrs. Best and Mrs. Dr. Loring are great friends now.

Those of us who tried Mrs. Best's rule found it a good thing to know. Mrs. Dean and Mrs. Prescott sent a year's accumulation of blankets next day for Mrs. Best to wash. They had been afraid to trust them to their kitchen girls.

Now if we had decided not to ask Mrs. Best to join us, on the ground that she had almost no interests in common with us, or if Mrs. Best had been ashamed to add her share to the conversation, because the subject she could talk best on was so very homely, or if——

But why speculate? It all happened as I have reported it.—*Household.*

HOW TO BE WELCOME.

The secret of making one's self an agreeable guest, warmly welcomed when one comes and sincerely regretted when one goes, does not always lie in the possession of conversational talents or general accomplishments. This little authentic dialogue, which took place between Mr. and Mrs. Parkins the evening after their Aunt Sophronia Greene had ended a week's visit at their house, indicates a surer means of making one's-self welcome:

"How lonesome it is," said Mr. Parkins, "now that the children have gone to bed! I wonder what it really is that makes Aunt Sophronia's visits so especially delightful?"

"Why, I suppose it's because she never finds any fault," said Mrs. Parkins.

"Are all our other guests accustomed to find fault with things which go on about the house?"

"No, but—"

"But what? Aunt Sophronia seldom says anything particularly pertinent or entertaining. In fact, she says and does very little."

"That's true; but she is always good-natured in a quiet way."

"But lots of other people are good-natured, and yet nobody's visits give us so much pleasure as Aunt Sophronia's. There must be some other and positive reason."

Mrs. Parkins knitted on silently for a few moments, as if in a brown study, and then, dropping her work, exclaimed:

"William, I know what it is."

"Well?"

"Whenever Aunt Sophronia opens her mouth to speak, it is almost always to bring out, either flatly or else in some round-about way, some good quality of one of the children."

"I guess that is so," said Mr. Parkins, raising his eyebrows as if searching his recollection.

"And did you ever hear her to as much as refer, in all the times she has been here, to any one of their numerous failings?"

"Never!"

"Then we've found her out."

"Yes, we've found her out, but she can't come again any too soon!"

RECIPES.

DOUGHNUTS.—One and a half cups of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, two cups of sour milk, two teaspoonfuls of soda, and flour to make stiff enough to roll out.

DRESSING FOR FOWLS.—Dip slices of bread into cold water, squeezing out most of the water, then crumb fine into a dish, all but the crusts; season this well with salt, sage and melted butter. Stir in an egg if you like, but it is not necessary.

PUMPKIN PIE.—Line your plate with crust and for your filling use one large cup of pumpkin, one cup of sweet milk, two large eggs, half a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of ginger, and a little sweet cream, if you have it.

PUDDING SAUCE FOR THE SAME.—One teacup of sugar, half a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, beat all together and add three gills of boiling water. Flavor and color with cherry or berry juice. Let it just come to a boil, then set on the back of the stove until ready to use.

BANBURY TARTS.—Make some shells of puff paste and fill with the following mixture: Boil one cup of stoned and chopped raisins, the grated rind and juice of one lemon, one teaspoonful of corn-starch, one cup of sugar and one cup of water until it jellies. Cover and bake in a moderate oven.

LEMON TARTS.—Make your tart shells of puff paste and fill with the following mixture: One cup of sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, two eggs (reserving one white), three tablespoonfuls of flour and a pint of boiling water. Boil until thick, clear and smooth, stirring constantly. Frost when cool.

BREAD FRUIT CAKE.—Two cups of bread dough, very light. Add to this one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three eggs, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of allspice, one and a half teaspoonfuls of soda, a cup and a half of raisins stoned and chopped and two tablespoonfuls of jelly. After putting it in your tins let it rise half an hour before baking.

CHERRY BIRDS' NESTS.—Make a nice baking powder biscuit dough, as soft as can be rolled out. Roll to a thickness of about half an inch and cut with a large biscuit cutter. Cut the centres from half of the cakes; moisten the edges of the whole ones; put a spoonful of drained and sweetened cherries on each, lay the rings on top, and press the edges together. Bake or steam until done, and serve with plenty of rich, sweetened cream.

CRANBERRY JELLY.—Pare, quarter and core twelve good-sized tart apples (greenings or any juicy apples preferred); place in a porcelain kettle with two quarts of cranberries, cover well with cold water and stew until soft, then strain through a jelly bag. Add to this juice two pounds of coffee sugar and boil as you would any jelly until it falls from the skimmer when you dip it in. Skim off any froth that arises while boiling. Pour in moulds and let it get firm before using. This seldom if ever fails, and the color is beautiful.

SCALLOPED FISH.—Pick fine the remnants of fresh fish left from dinner, either baked, boiled or fried, removing all bones and skin. Butter a pudding dish and lay in the fish in layers, seasoning each layer with bits of butter, salt and pepper. Spread one-half of a cupful of cracker crumbs over the top, well buttered, pour enough milk over the whole to quite thoroughly moisten it, and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. Any kind of fish will do, but fried halibut is the nicest. Halibut requires a little more milk than fresh cod.

PUZZLES.—No. 2.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

I'm in knowledge, not in truth,
I'm in manhood, not in youth,
I'm in wonder, not in wiles,
I'm in sorrow, not in smiles,
I'm in subject, not in mood,
I'm in riches, not in food,
I'm in evil, not in good,
I'm in purple, not in white,
I'm in golden, not in light,
I'm in water, not in ice,
I'm in wisdom, not in vice.
My whole is a sentence found in an exhortation given by Paul to the Hebrews.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

CHARADE.

Professor Macdonald was walking away,
In first to get relish for second, one day,
And while he was walking, on looking around,
My whole he espied on a grass-covered mound;
The turdus pilaris, thought he, and he took
Out his specs, for a careful examining look;
While this he was doing, away my whole flew,
But whither, Professor Macdonald ne'er knew.

ANDREW A. SCOTT.

SQUARE WORD.

Demonstrative Adjective.
An animal.
Trades.
A proof.

JOHN S. LEWIS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 3.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—C. Dickens, Franklin.

ANAGRAM.—Fee fo fum.

CONCEALED PROVERB.—A good name is better than riches.

The Family Circle.

WILLING.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

A king whose state was marvellous for beauty,
Whose royal city shone
Gorgeous with every grandeur that could render
Due honor to his throne,—

Had kept his son from court for sterner training,
Thro' disciplines profound
The better so to perfect him for reigning
What time he should be crowned.

And now the day was set for his returning
From that far province where
Had passed his nonage; and the king was yearning
To hail the expectant heir.

So a proud embassage was missioned, bearing
Word that, probation done,
The monarch, who for years had been preparing
Fit empire for his son,

At length desired that he should take possession
Of his full birthright dower—
The honor, glory, good beyond expression,
Withheld until that hour.

What said the banished? Did ecstatic pleasure
Give to his spirit wings,
Whose eagerness, in overmastering measure,
Outsoared the waiting king's!

Nay—when they told the message of the father,
There was a startled pause,
A strange, reluctant look, as though he rather
Would linger where he was.

Yet since the embassage was urgent, stilling
Whatever secret throe
It cost to leave his exile, he was "willing,"
Half-sad, he said, "to go."

Ungracious heart!—to wound with hesitation
Such love!—to hear the call
Homeward, without one rapturous exultation,—
"Willing" and that was all!

A HANDFUL OF CORN ON THE MOUNTAINS.

(New York Observer Prize Story.)

BY FANNIE HYDE MERRILL.

"Alice, what are you dreaming about?" and the girlish speaker turned an amused face toward her friend.

"I'm actually studying economy for the first time in my life. I'm wondering whether it would be worth while for me to get those seven dollar shoes instead of the ten dollar pair and put the money I save into our next Sunday-school contribution."

"You are going crazy, my dear! You always give something, and three dollars won't help enough in the evangelization of the world to pay for the discomfort of a cheaper grade of shoes. What uncomfortable theory has taken hold of you, now?"

"Nothing, only our superintendent asked us to give something more than usual next Sunday for a little school in Colorado, and it's near the end of my quarter, and that little lunch I gave the girls about used up my extra funds."

"Ah! that was elegant!" responded her friend. "Go without shoes, my dear, if you choose, but never economize when you give a lunch—and invite me!"

The next Sunday, Alice, a picture of dainty color, under the softened light of the great stained windows of the church, dropped three dollars into the contribution box with a hopeless sigh. It did seem little toward helping the world, but it was the result of the first self-denial in expense that she had ever undertaken.

* * * * * * *

About a month later, in a mining "camp" high up among mountains that pierced the clouds, a superintendent was talking to a small Sunday-school that was being held in the court house. "After we bought the seats," he said, "there were three dollars left from the money sent us by the school in Massachusetts, and we have bought with it some pictures for the infant class," and he turned to the corner at his left and hung a scroll of illustrated "Golden Texts" over the infant class. As he turned, you could see how worn was his coat. It was dusty, too, for he had not had a minute in which to brush it since he had come down in the early morning to clean out the room for Sunday-school. Every Saturday night there was a ball in the room, and a great many more people went to the ball than came to the Sunday-school, and they stayed later and left the room in greater disorder. But there were some twenty little children in the infant class who had never been to a ball, and their eyes shone as they looked at the bright picture of Jesus healing the sick man, and they listened as their teacher read. "Wherefore is it lawful to do well on the Sabbath day." There was not a child in the class that Sabbath day whose father was not at his office or shop doing business as on any other day of the week. "Now," said their teacher, "at the end of this quarter I shall take off these pictures and give one to each of you. You may take them home and put them up in any place you like."

So it came to pass that on Sunday, Sept. ——, there came out of Sunday-school thirteen very proud little boys and girls, each of whom carried a large picture. The three dollars had bought scrolls for two quarters. The next quarter's pictures were to go to the other part of the class. As one little girl, with eager eyes, climbed on her father's knee that noon as he came home, not from church, but from shovelling silver ore in the mill near by, to show him her pretty picture. "Where shall we put it, papa?" she asked. There was no lack of place, though they had but two rooms, for they had few pictures. There need be no fear of injuring the plaster, for in that high altitude plaster cracks so badly that walls are covered with cloth and then papered.

"Put it anywhere you please, Nellie," he answered, absently; then he added, "Wouldn't you like to go up to the mines in the 'Basin' with me to-morrow?"

"Oh, I would, I would! Shall we take dinner there?"

"I suppose so."

"I'm going to carry my picture to show Mr. Nichols," she said.

Her father smiled. "You might put it in the miners' dining-room. They need it badly enough."

"Why?" she asked, slowly.

"I don't believe there's such a thing as a Bible in the 'Basin'," he said, with a laugh.

Nellie's eyes were large. "Do they need it more than we do, papa?"

He laughed again, rather uncomfortably. "They need it more than you do, puss," he said, lightly, and kissing her, went back to work.

Nellie sat down on the floor, with a sober face. Her father had spoken in jest, but she supposed he was in earnest. She had learned to deny herself, for though her father earned high wages, prices, where everything was brought over the mountains in freight teams, were even higher than wages. So she sat and studied her picture. Christ was the central figure. The coloring was crude, the lines were coarse, but to her it was wonderful. It was Jesus, and she loved him. She took out her playthings and looked at them. There were some bright stones she had picked up, a little cart her father had made, a tea set out of pieces of broken crockery, a small doll and a book. She looked through her book. It had pictures, but not one of Jesus. Again she came back to her picture. Lovingly she laid her cheek against the kind face as the picture lay upon the floor. Mamma was taking a nap; the cat dozed in the sunshine; Nellie's eyes closed, and she dreamed that Jesus held her in his arms.

Bright and early next morning, Nellie's father rode to the door on his bronco. The bronco was a small horse, but he was strong, and his feet never slipped on the steep mountain trail. Nellie climbed up in front of her father, and they began their climb. For three hours they went up, up, up, every minute showing a new view of rocks, rushing water, forests and grand mountain ranges. But Nellie did not chatter as fast as usual.

About noon they reached the mines. It looked desolate, for no trees would grow at that height, and there was little soil for flowers. Nellie sat down in the office while her father talked with Mr. Nichols, the superintendent of the mine. By and by her father went out doors, and Mr. Nichols said, "Helen, you haven't said one word to me." He always called her by her real name. Nellie got up and came to him, and he took her on his knee.

Now, next to her own father and mother, Nellie loved Mr. Nichols. He had bright gray eyes that looked straight at her, and he talked to her as if she were grown up and never laughed at anything she said or did. So it happened that it was sometimes easier for her to tell some things to Mr. Nichols than even her father or mother. She sat a minute, then she took out from under her little shawl a roll and undid it. It was her picture. She spread it out carefully, and then looked up at him.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said.

"Very," he answered gravely, looking straight into her blue eyes.

She drew a long breath. "I got that at Sunday school yesterday; and it is mine to keep; but papa said he thought the miners needed it more than I did," and she watched his face anxiously.

"Tell me about the picture," he said.

So she told him the story of the picture, and said the verse, for she could not read.

"I suppose the miners do need the picture more than you, Helen," he said, "but it is yours; don't give it to them unless you wish to."

"Do you think Jesus would care if I gave away the only picture of him I had? Do you think he would think I didn't care?" she said with great earnestness.

"No," he said, "Jesus would know you gave it away because you loved him so much you wanted the miners to have something to help them think about him," and Mr. Nichols kissed her grave forehead with a sigh, for he thought, "O, for the faith of a little child." Then he took Nellie and her father to dinner with him. The miners had eaten and gone, and in spite of the variety of pictures which the miners had pasted on the board walls, the long room looked bare. After dinner Mr. Nichols helped Nellie put her picture up where the light would fall brightly upon it, and she went home with the happy heart of one who has given up joyfully. The setting sun shone upon the dining-room walls; upon pictures of engines and shipwrecks, of street mobs and grand balls, of prize-fights and actresses, and then it seemed to linger with glad surprise upon the tall figure and calm face of Christ as he stretched out his hand to the man who knelt at his feet.

It was a week later that a sad accident occurred at the mine. Some of the powder that is used to blast the rocks exploded too soon, and a man was hurt. It was Jack Douglass, too, a fine young fellow, who was lying so still on the ground, and the men were sore at heart. Mr. Nichols came quickly and had the man brought in and laid on the long table in the dining-room that he might examine him. There are many accidents at the mines, and Mr. Nichols knew, in a little time, that the young life was going fast. His heart was heavy, for he liked Jack Douglass and Jack was only seventeen.

"Jack," he said, tenderly; "I'm afraid it's more than it looks. Is there anything you want done?"

Jack turned his face toward Mr. Nichols in surprise. He had felt no pain, and had not thought of death.

"I ain't ready," he said, slowly.

Then "Big Tom," who called himself Jack's "pardner," a fellow rough and heavy, but with a kind heart and a great love for the younger Jack, came up and took his hand.

"Jack," he said, "old fellow, you've been good to me. We've all got to go some time. You ain't afraid, be you?" and the great blundering fellow looked anxiously in Jack's dark eyes.

"No," Jack said. "Tom, you know I ain't afraid. Would I gone into the mine when I did if I'd been afraid to die? But there's something I ain't done yet. I told mother when she died I'd meet her in heaven, and I ain't ready yet. I never broke my word to any one and now—not to mother! Can't somebody pray? Can't somebody tell me what to do?"

He looked with troubled face at the group by the door; then his eyes rested on Mr. Nichols's face, so full of power and sympathy.

"Boss," he said, "won't you pray for a fellow?"

Mr. Nichols bowed his head, but no words came. Then, "Jack," he said, "I'm not a praying man, but God is good. You've been a good fellow. You never wronged a man. You never drank hard, or gambled or swore much. You've done your work well. God knows a miner's life. He won't be hard on you, Jack. It's all right."

There was a stir of approbation among the men at the door.

"No," said Jack, with sudden energy, "things look different now, Boss. I said so to myself all the time. But it won't work now, I tell you; I want something out of the Bible for a bad man. That's what I am! Haven't you got a Bible, boys, some of you?" and in his eagerness he raised his head and looked about the room. Not a man moved. "I tell you," he said, again, "I want something out of the Bible! There's things there—I know"—then his eyes caught the tall figure of Christ with outstretched hand, in the picture on the wall. "What's that, Boss, what's the reading there? I can't see." And Mr. Nichols read with earnest haste, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

Jack sank back; his sudden strength was gone, "Again," he whispered. Again the mighty words filled the room. Jack smiled. His eyes were on the picture, "Son of man save—" he whispered, and held out his hand. Mr. Nichols took it, gently Jack's eyes closed and a look of rest shone on his face. The men took off their hats. Once more the dark eyes opened, but they looked beyond the kind face over him, beyond the pictured walls, even beyond the golden gates of the setting sun. "Mother," he said, "He did," and all was still.

* * * * * * *

Some days afterwards, Nellie looked out of the window and saw Mr. Nichols on horseback, talking with her father at the door. She ran out. Both Mr. Nichols and her father looked grave. She put up both hands and Mr. Nichols lifted her, as she climbed on his foot, into the saddle before him.

"See, Helen," he said, "I've bought two Bibles alike; one is for you and one for me; how do you like them?" and he undid two beautiful books.

"Oh," cried Nellie, "a whole Bible all my own!" and she hugged it with delight. Then she looked up at him. "Are you going to carry yours to the mine with you?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then there will be a Bible there all the time, won't there?"

"Always," he said.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

With gradual gleam the day was dawning,
Some lingering stars were seen,
When swung the garden gate behind us—
He fifty, I fifteen.

The high-topped chaise and old gray pony
Stood waiting in the lane;
Idly my father swayed the whip-lash,
Lightly he held the rein.

The stars went softly back to heaven,
The night-fogs rolled away,
The rims of gold and crowns of crimson
Along the hill-tops lay.

That morn, the fields, they surely never
So fair an aspect wore;
And never from the purple clover
Such perfume rose before.

O'er hills and low romantic valleys
And flowery by-roads through,
I say my simplest songs, familiar
That he might sing them, too.

Our souls lay open to all pleasure,
No shadow came between;
Two children, busy with their leisure—
He fifty, I fifteen.

. . . . . .

As on my couch, in languor, lonely,
I weave beguiling rhyme,
Comes back with strangely sweet remembrance
That far-removed time.

The slow-paced years have brought sad changes,
That morn and this between;
And now, on earth, my years are fifty,
And his, in heaven, fifteen.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

IT IS THE CROSS that makes the peace so sweet. Amid the tears of grief, peace keeps her silent place, like the rainbow upon the spray of the cataract.—*Horatius Bonar, D.D.*

DR. KOCH.

Robert Koch, the famous discover of the consumption cure, was born in 1844, in Clausthal in the province of Hanover, the third son of a well-known mining engineer in the Harz Mountains. As a boy he was noted as a lover of study and a keen observer of nature. While in the University of Gottingen he won a prize for an essay in competition with hundred of others all of whom were his seniors. All his life he has apparently been noted for his habit of throwing himself heart and soul into whatever he undertook. While at work, says one, he is all student and applies himself with native energy of character to whatever he has in hand; and those who have left the laboratory with him for a tour of recreation, claim him to be one of the most agreeable, genial and humane of companions.

It was while he was practising at Posen, that Dr. Koch began his study of bacteria, and on the 24th of March, 1882, he first announced to the Physiological society in Berlin, that he had discovered that a bacillus was the cause of tuberculosis. Shortly after this he became connected with the Hygienic Bureau in Berlin, and was made Imperial Privy Councillor. Later, when Europe was threatened with Asiatic cholera he was placed at the head of a commission to investigate the subject. On this account he went to India and while there discovered the cholera germ, by which discovery he first became known to fame.

Everything connected with Dr. Koch's discovery is so new, writes a London correspondent, from a small medicine bottle with the clear, light brown "elixir of life" to the improvised hospitals and consulting-rooms in various parts of Berlin, that one is almost surprised to find the Bacteriological Institute where the professor has worked out his theory a substantial old building forming part of the University of Berlin. It stands in the Klosterstrasse, has an imposing front, and forms an enormous square in the centre of which a courtyard is situated where quite a menagerie of inoculated animals—martyrs and heroes of science—are kept in their cages. Rabbits nibble their food undisturbed by any chance visitor; cats, mice, and guinea-pigs peep out between the wire-netting, and dogs of high and low degree bark at you as you pass them. Above each cage a tablet tells when and with what bacillus the animal has been inoculated; and all the animals are private property, for any scientist working at the laboratory finds his own "subjects," and is also responsible for their maintenance.

The most interesting part of the Hygienic Institute at the present moment is the suite of rooms on the second floor which is known as the Bacteriological Institute. Tables covered with phials, pots, and bottles stood in front of the large windows; along the walls gas-stoves were ranged, and mysterious broths and fluids were bubbling in the small saucepans. Among the multitude of strange apparatus the microscopes appeared the least uncanny, and the glass tubes of different lengths and sizes seemed familiar objects where all else was strange in shape, color, and substance.

Room after room, of an exactly similar aspect as this "witches' kitchen," make up the laboratory, and ever and again the eye catches sight of rows of oblong bottles in the cupboards along the wall, where the horrible bacillus breeds and multiplies. It feeds on a kind of thick meat jelly, and looks like a fungus on the surface of the yellow substance in the bottles. The cholera bacilli are of a dirty grey; the typhoid germs are similar in color, but different in shape, and, though to the naked eye a million of these atoms are only just visible, they assume terrible shapes, each different from the rest, under that greatest prober of the secrets of science, the microscope.

Dr. Koch has his own private room at the laboratory, and there he experiments, observes, calculates, and compares, day after day, from morning till night, absorbed in his own study, but never indifferent to the labors and experiments of those working with and under him. No sooner had the telegraph carried the news of Dr. Koch's remedy for tuberculosis into the wide world than a great multitude of sufferers turned their eyes and minds toward the German capital. The poor could not reach it, they had to wait till the new remedy was brought to them; but the wealthy could not, would not wait, and never rested till they had reached Berlin. What did they not offer the doctor if he would cure them? Gladly they would give their gold and treasure, but the scientist only replied that his researches were not yet complete, and that he could hold out the certainty of recovery only to patients suffering from the early stages of phthisis. But still they came, imploring to be treated, and temporary hospitals had to be found for them where they could be under the constant supervision of qualified medical men.

One of these temporary "Kliniken" is situated in an elegant new building of white sandstone in the Albrechtstrasse. It stands alone, next to a high old house, on the gable of which a large sundial is to be seen, with the inscription "Horas non numero nisi serenas." On the glass panes of the front door several notices, signed by the head physician, Dr. Cornet, are put up, one of them to the effect that for the present no further patients can be received, as the hospital is full, and another pointing out that no consultations are held on these premises, and that no outsiders are admitted. My friend and myself, however, were privileged persons, and the proud possessors of a post-card in Dr. Cornet's handwriting which told us that our visit would be "sehr angenehm."

DR. KOCH, THE CONSUMPTION CURER.

In appearance Dr. Cornet is remarkably good-looking, with a grave sympathetic face, which tells, however, a plain tale of anxiety and overwork. He makes the round of the hospital several times a day, and two of the sixteen patients are now so far recovered as to be able to take a daily walk. The rest of them keep in their rooms, sitting in easy chairs by the windows, or near the stove, or, in a few cases, quietly lying on their small white beds. They are weak but they are all very cheerful, all feeling better, and glad if any one will come and chat to them. The "cure" is, of course, the subject of prime interest.

No, it was not painful to have the point of the syringe go through the skin. It was like the prick of a pin nothing more. The doctor rubbed the place to make the fluid take effect the sooner, and even if it did hurt and burn a little what did that matter as long as there was hope that they might once again be well and strong, and have no cough and take their place among healthy men and women? They had all been feverish the day after the injection, had shivered with cold, and only got warm again after drinking hot soup and having hot bottles put into their beds; one or two felt very sick after injection, but only for a short time, and now they were all better, some "a little" and some "a great deal," and soon they were to be all right. There was no one to destroy their confidence in the future, although none of the doctors raise false hopes in any of their patients, but when they are once again out of the hearing of the sufferers they repeat again and again what Koch himself, and Von Bergmann, and all the older men who have made a special study of bacteriology for many years, are never tired of repeating—namely, that the whole discovery is too new to have as yet led to any definite result; and even the slight cases of phthisis and the cases of lupus which have, apparently, been completely cured, can only be definitely pronounced upon after at least another twelve month has gone by. "There is good reason for hopefulness," is their last word, but time alone can show how far science has been successful in its grapple with one of the most terrible of diseases.

THE DREGS OF THE CUP.

The following incident was related by an evangelist in the North of Scotland:

"I often met in the course of my ministry a woman of middle age, pleasant, cheerful, and most earnest, and self-denying in her visits from house to house amongst the poor in their scattered cottages. Her quiet unobtrusive labor excited my admiration, and I felt a desire to know more of one so wholehearted in her devotion to the master. An opportunity soon occurred. We met one day at the cottage of a sick woman quickly 'wearing awa' to the land o' the leal.' Our visit over, we left the house together, and as our way lay in the same direction it afforded me the opportunity I had sought. We spoke of the distress around us and at last I said, 'You seem devoted to the work amongst the people here, never weary of ministering to their necessities.'

"She answered, 'Whatever little bit of service I may be allowed to do for any of his suffering ones, I do it gladly for his sake; how can I help giving my whole heart to him who lived and died for me?'

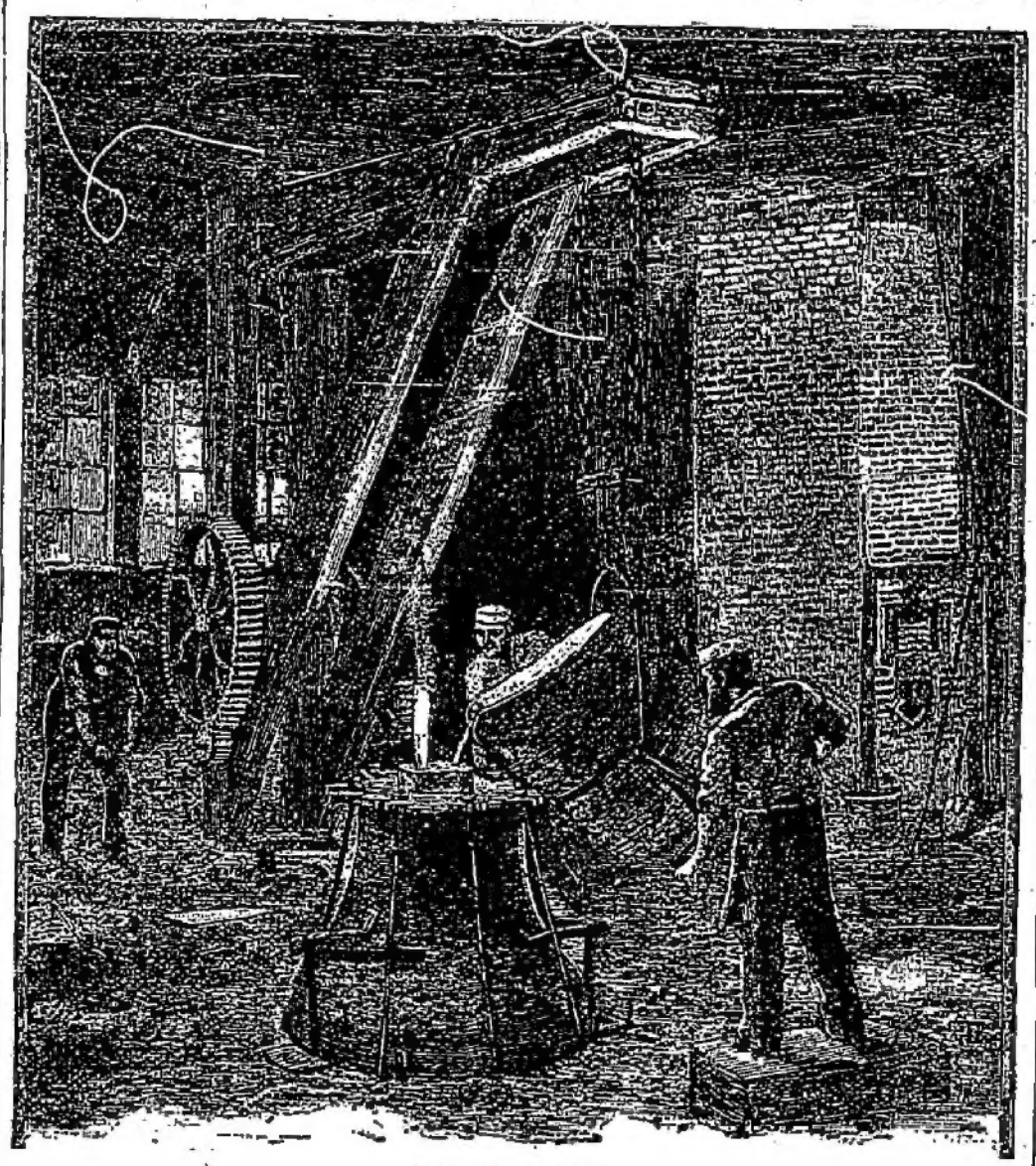
"'May I ask how you were brought to the knowledge of the exceeding greatness of his love?'

"'It is many years ago, she replied; 'I was just a lassie living with my parents in our cottage on the hillside, when one day a pedlar called at the door with his basket of wares. He was an honest man in his dealings, and my mother supplied her needs from his store. I was young and full of mirth, and amused myself for some time, as I thought, with his serious talk. The day was warm, and I asked him if he would like a glass of milk. He said he would be thankful. I brought it to him, and waited to take back the cup, after he had finished, but instead of giving it to me he still kept it in his hand, and looking me steadfastly in the face, said earnestly, 'If I were to offer you the dregs at the bottom of the cup, would you think I was doing you a great honor?' I answered, 'No, indeed, I should think you were just making game of me.' He repeated very solemnly, 'And how are you treating the Almighty God? You are young now, full of health and mirth, living only to amuse yourself: if you live on like this until you are old and grey-headed, and have no more strength to take pleasure in the world, do you think it will be fair to the loving Lord to offer him the dregs of your life? Do you think that he will think it an honor if you bring him the worst part of your life and devote your best part to the service of sin?' He gave back the cup and went on his way, but his words had struck home, and before I left the doorstep I determined to give my heart to Christ, and devote my life to his service. The promise is that those who 'seek me early shall find me,' and from that hour he has 'guided me with his counsel.' I have never seen the pedlar since, but I thank God for those few earnest words."—*From Tract by Alice Jackson.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL OF TO-DAY.

There are various ways in which Sabbath-schools are helping the cause of Christ, besides being feeders to the Church, means of reaching the young outside of Christian families and places for the development of lay talent. They are centres of power and influence along indirect as well as direct lines. They affect the tone of the age, give stability to Christian belief, and create a healthy moral sentiment in the community. The Rev. Dr. Storrs, in a late address to the Sunday-schools of Brooklyn, speaks after this fashion of their agency in developing a joyous type of piety and as a doubt-dissipator:—"Why is it that the Sunday-school of to-day is so different from that of our childhood? There is a festal tone that belongs to the Sunday-school, and that reaches to the family, and influences the whole community, and even affects church doctrine. This is not an era of doubt. There is more religious earnestness than ever before. Doubt comes when the Church is at a cold temperature. But the way to answer doubt is by intense Christian faith and activity. Warm, earnest, spiritual activity on the part of the laity, and especially in the Sunday-school, banishes doubt into the air. Let us always remember that it is from a baby's cradle that Christendom has come."—*Presbyterian Observer.*

WORRY is the mildew of life.—*Farm, Field, and Stockman.*



CASTING A BELL.

SOMETHING ABOUT BELLS.

No single object within the walls of the Kremlin at Moscow, that citadel and city within itself, attracts the stranger with more interest than the famous King of Bells, which is said to have been cracked in the furnace and now lies at the foot of the tower of Ivan.

A large piece is broken from the side, but it still weighs about a hundred and ninety tons, for it is over nineteen feet in height, and more than sixty in circumference. When it was cast in 1733, by order of the Empress Anne, the gold, silver and copper consumed in the operation were valued at nearly half a million dollars.

The casting took place, accompanied by religious ceremonies, and royal ladies vied with each other in throwing the gold ornaments worn upon their persons into the great caldron of molten metal. Doubtless this very generosity of contribution served to impart brittleness to the material.

The largest bell in actual use is also at Moscow, and is said to weigh a hundred and twenty-eight tons. The great bell of Pekin, China, is recorded as weighing fifty-three tons, and that of the Cologne Cathedral weighs over twenty-five tons.

Bells were in use in China, Japan and India long before they were known in Europe. In the space fronting the temples of Nikko, Japan, there are enormous bells of exquisite purity of sound, too heavy to be suspended in any tower which this people build, and so they are swung on low frames of stout timber, the bell being only three or four feet from the ground.

They are rung by means of battering-rams, made of long joists of hard wood, suspended so as to swing by the united aid of many human hands. They give out soft and muffled, though deep and far-reaching, notes.

There is a bell before the temple of Amarapura, Burmah, which is hung, after this Japanese fashion, low down near the ground, and which weighs over eighty tons.

The early influence of bells upon architecture is obvious, since we undoubtedly owe to them the building of nearly all the famous towers of the world. Originally these were only raised just above the church roof to admit a central light, but when bells became common, they were adapted to their use.

Bells are mostly cast from a composition of copper and tin, though other ingredients are often used. When the right proportions of these two metals are combined and reduced by intense heat to liquid form, the mass is poured into a clay mould of the desired shape and size.

The small bronze bells found in the ancient palace of Nimrod contained ninety parts of copper and but ten of tin; in our day the proportions are, say, eighty parts of copper to twenty of tin.

Hand-bells vary more than those designed for public use, and are often composed of brass, silver and even gold. It is a common idea that silver is mixed with other metals in the casting of bells to mellow the sound, but this is a mistake; any large quantity of silver would seriously injure the tone.

It is not alone the composition which determines the quality of a bell; very much depends upon its shape Moreover, the proportions between its height, width and thickness are all to be taken into consideration. The dimensions, roughly stated, which are deemed to be the best for large bells, are one-fifteenth of the diameter in thickness, and twelve times the thickness in height.

Bells have been cast of steel, but they do not produce the perfect notes resulting from the use of copper and tin. The Swiss have even cast bells of glass, which emit extremely fine sounds, but the brittleness of this material renders them sure to crack in using.

From long usage bells have come to be most intimately connected with religious services in all Christian churches, which is thought to be the reason why Mohammedans do not use them, but substitute for them the cry of the Muezzin from the top of the mosques, by which the faithful are summoned to prayer.

The Assyrian chariots were hung with bells intended to terrify the enemy, and spur the warriors to the fray. The head-gear of Grecian war-horses was similarly adorned, designed to create a panic in the ranks of the foe.

There are many superstitions about bells. It is recorded that the bell of old St. Paul's church, London, was rung in ancient times in order to still a raging tempest, and to overcome the electric force of the lightning.

This bell was only tolled on the death of a member of the royal family, and it was long popularly believed that when it did ring it turned all the beer sour in the neighborhood.

Chimes of the bells have been brought to great perfection, and we have in this country many fine specimens; but the inventive genius of the Netherlands has rendered that country famous in this respect. In some instances these tune-playing bells are performed upon by means of a cylinder, on the principle of a barrel-organ, though, as is the case in this country and in England, they are generally played by hand.

In the Tower of Ivan, at Moscow, there is a chime of silver bells which daily ring forth the national anthem of Russia, with pleasing effect if one is near the banks of the winding Moskva River.

The custom of hanging bells upon the necks of animals is of very ancient origin. Their usefulness is too apparent to require explanation. The camel-driver of the desert is familiar with them, and the mule trains of South America do not move without them. The leading animal wears the bell, and is instinctively followed by the rest; if the instrument is by chance removed from the leader, the whole train will at once become demoralized.

In an accident which occured at the Saxon silver mines not long ago, most of the workmen, twelve hundred feet below the surface of the earth, were warned in time to save their lives by the silence of their faithful watchman, the bell.

In these mines of Saxony one hears at all times, floating musically through the drifts, the notes of a bell, two minutes only intervening between each stroke of the hammer. It is called the bell of safety, and its peculiarity is that its silence gives the warning of danger.

Flooding is the exigency to be guarded against in these mines. The automatic bell is so operated upon by a water-wheel, that if flooding begins, owing to any obstruction to the deep drainage or otherwise, this faithful watchman ceases to utter the notes of safety.

The Neapolitans deck their gaily caparisoned horses with many bells; the muleteers of the Alps mingle bells and ornamental ribbons upon the necks of their beasts; the young girls at vintage time cap their ribboned poles with them, and the cattle of the Tyrol are heard while yet a long way off upon the hills by the tinkling of their bells.

If the reader should chance to visit Havana, let him not fail to ascend the towers of the ancient Cathedral which contains the tomb of Columbus. Here he will see a number of antique bells, which have summoned the people daily to matins and to vespers for a hundred years and more.

There is an old bell-ringer, a veritable hermit and enthusiast about bells, who lives here with these brazen-tongued instruments as his only companions. He will tell you how, for many years, man and boy, he has summoned the devout by means of these resonant voices; he will speak of the alarms he has sounded, and of the numberless marriage and funeral chimes he has rung out.

It seems almost incredible, but we are told upon good authority that a mere scratch may break the largest bell, and the more perfect its note, the more certain its destruction. A small cord tied closely round the barrel during the vibration will break the structure as surely as will a direct and heavy blow from a sledge-hammer.—*M. M. Ballou, in Youth's Companion.*

NOT LUCK.

A barque was wrecked on the New Jersey coast one wild winter night, and the only persons saved were two boys who got to shore over the terrible billows on broken pieces of timber.

It was a sad sight when next day four hearses were driven to the village cemetery with bodies of seamen, washed ashore in the night. The boys were the only mourners who followed the funeral managed by town officials. Their homes were far away, and they were soon to be sent back to the port from which they had sailed.

The dozen men of the crew of the doomed barque could not be saved, although the life-saving crew of a neighboring station did everything in human power to get lines or boats out to the ship when she went to pieces scarcely a thousand yards from shore.

"It's boys' luck," said one of the life-saving crew, when the drenched boys came safely through the roaring surf on their piece of timber; "let a boy alone to get ashore, if there is a scrap of a shaving or a hen-coop to hang to."

"'Specially if a fellow's got sense enough left in his head to stick to his piece of timber," said one of the rescued boys.

Then it came out that the captain and his crew were all under the influence of liquor when the gale began, and that the greater the danger became, the more they drank to lessen their sense of the peril.

"It was pretty tough to see such sailing, and not dare to open our mouths," said the other boy. "We'd never have gone to pieces if they'd had their heads enough to hold her steady and off shore."

"That's just it," said his companion. "They didn't have their heads. A fellow's got to be 'all there,' if he wants to make a port in a storm."

Isn't it a good thing to be sure that one has one's head at all times? Many a young man has made shipwreck of his whole life, because in a time of danger and perplexity he has put into his mouth that which "steals the brains away." It is not luck but pluck which wins, and it is the truest sort of pluck to refuse any truce with such an enemy.

FIRE STOPPED BY PRAYER.

In her volume, "Wanderings in China," Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming tells of Chung-Te, the earliest convert to Christianity in O-Long, who was mobbed and persecuted for his faith, but held fast through it all, until the nickname, "Praise the Lord," which they gave him in contempt, became a title of honor, and in the town where he stood alone for God, a Christian congregation had been gathered who worship not dead ancestors and graven images, but the living and the true God.

At one time a fire broke out in one of the streets of O-Long. At first it was not expected to reach the part of the town in which "Chung-Te" lived. As it spread, however, it neared the street where his house stood, and as it was evident that all the buildings were doomed, his heathen neighbors hastily collected all their idols, and placed them as a barricade against the approaching flames. This was too much for the zealous old Christian. Seizing his mattock, and swinging it round him, he soon reduced the gods of wood and clay to a mass of fragments. Then, having denounced the folly which could trust in senseless images, he lifted up his hands to heaven, and in the hearing of the wildly excited mob he called upon the great Creator, the true God, his heavenly Father, to save the homes of himself and his neighbors from the threatening fire.

"It was not," said Miss Cumming, "the first time that he had proven the promise, 'while they are yet speaking I will hear,' and now he looked for an immediate answer, which would show to the heathen that the God who could stay the fire was the true God. Nor was he disappointed; almost before they could note any physical reason for the change, the flames seemed blown back upon themselves—the wind had suddenly veered round, and, though many of the houses near by had been seriously scorched, those of the old man and his neighbors escaped unharmed, and the marvelling crowd saw the conflagration recede as swiftly as it had approached."—*Christian Herald.*

THE LONGEST DAY.

It is quite important when speaking of the longest day in the year, to say what part of the world we are speaking about, as will be seen by reading the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are children of Torneo, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length!

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is 18½ hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is 3½ months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has 16½ hours.

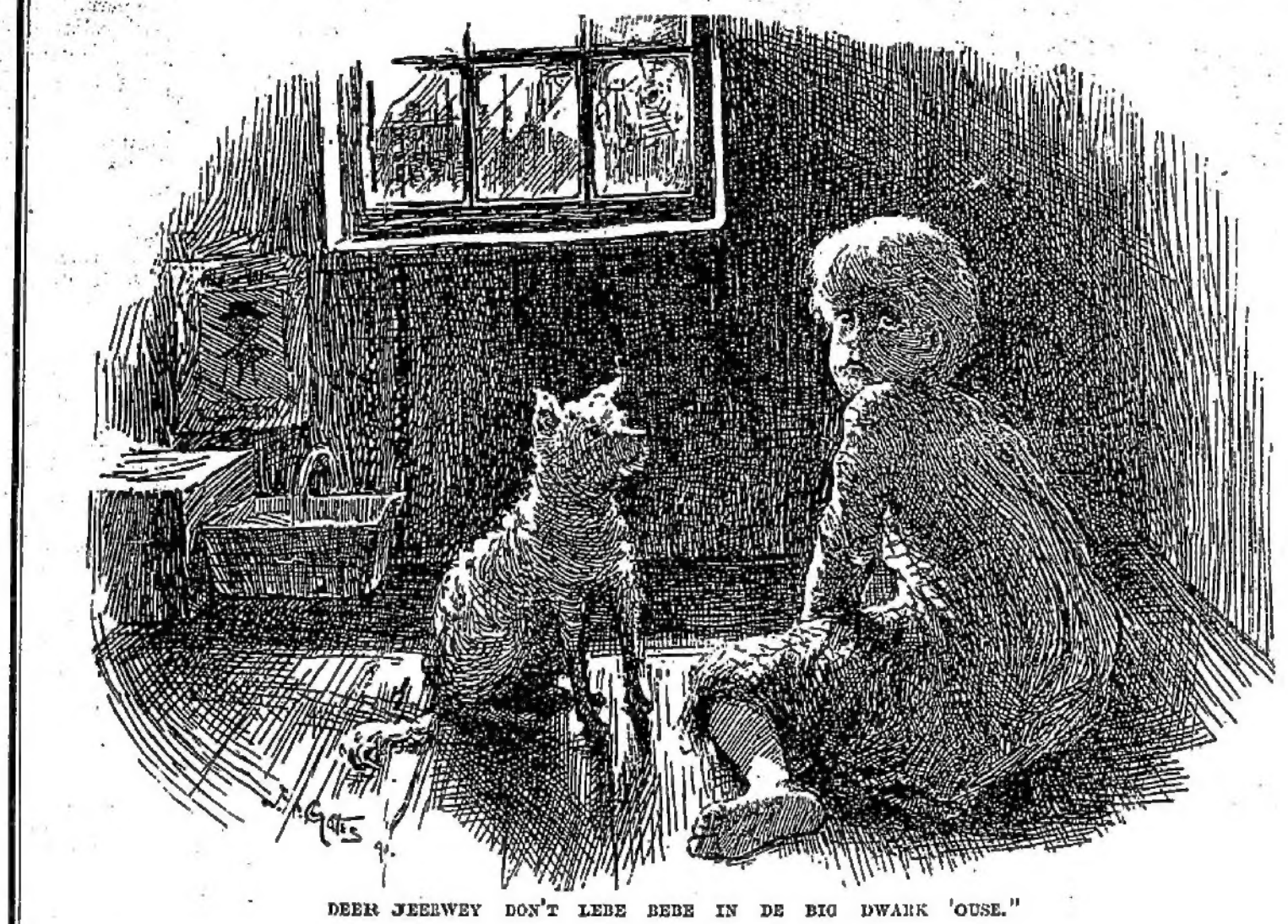
At Hamburg, in Germany, and Danzig, in Prussia, the longest day has 17 hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is 19 hours, and the shortest 5 hours.

At Torneo, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly 22 hours long, and Christmas one less than 3 hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about 15 hours, and at Montreal, it is 16.



DEER JEERWEY DON'T LEBE BEBE IN DE BIG DWARK 'OUSE."

A KNIGHT-ERRANT OF THE STREETS.

BY MRS. JAMES W. ROGERS.

Unheralded, and afoot he entered the lists. Armored *cap-a-pie* in rags, he roamed the broad thoroughfares of that great southern sea-port, wielding a "lance" which only burnished—never tarnished the thing that it touched.

"Squintin' Jerry," the boot-black, was all the title he claimed, if he ever claimed anything; which he never did.

Legend made him "a-cast-up-by-the-sea," and people called him "Jerry"; nothing more, as far back as he could remember; until a facetious member of the "shining" fraternity, to which he belonged, bestowed the euphonious prefix in emphiment! to a slight defect in one eye. And Jerry had accepted the *sobriquet* with a true gamin's characteristic indifference to mere externals.

No lines of beauty are traceable in the healthful, beaming face, yet from out the grimed and smutch-marked features, overshadowed by a shock of tawny sunburnt hair, gleam a pair of fearless gray eyes, challenging life in such merry good-nature that one is drawn instinctively to be friends with them. For all his *debonnaire* ways, Jerry had in the depths of his natures perpetual crave, and unceasing longing to go back to that legendary mother—the sea.

To this end he fairly haunted the quay, dogging the footsteps of all seafaring men, learning all he could of nautical things. Once an old skipper had half jestingly said he would "take him out some day," and on that slender basis, Jerry built up many an airy structure of life on the sea. In the meantime he plied his trade and lived alone with the rats in the gable-roof of an old tumble down tenement house in the purlieus of the poor.

Alone with the rats, until, scolding homeward one dark winter's night, he discovered a shivering, half-starved mongrel dog cowering at his heels.

He took the miserable "stray" creature in, and fed and sheltered it from that time on. "Curly-Wig," as Jerry dubbed him on the spot, because of the great mass of fluffy dirty-white hair that covered his small body from head to tail, attached himself to his new master with proverbial canine fidelity. They became inseparable comrades.

While Jerry merrily "shined the well's butes," on uptown corners, Curly-Wig, watching the operation with inspector-like gravity, was always found seated on the nearest curb-stone. But Jerry's exploits never stopped at the rescue of a stray dog from death by starvation.

Street-gamin though he was,—getting his living as he could,—yet he had the temerity to adopt a child. A soulless actress, lodging in the same house, deserted her lovely infant one day, to join a passing theatrical troupe. No other of the women lodgers showing compassion on the deserted baby, Jerry indignantly picked up the little "waif" and bore it away to share the garret-home with himself and Curly-Wig the "stray."

Prodigal-handed summer was making life an easy problem when Bebe, as the lisping tongue named itself, came to lighten the gloomy old attic with his engaging infantine wiles.

Daily bread for three came almost without thought or care.

Joyous, free-hearted summer made glad also these children of her train. When niggardly winter came to usurp her golden throne, would Jerry have cause to regret his gigantic venture? However that might be, the long sunny days of "now," were full of pure enjoyment. From day-dawn till dark, all three were on the streets, Jerry purposely occupying corners of the many pleasant squares, that Bebe and Curly-Wig might gambol the happy hours away beneath their leafy shade.

When the rounded baby limbs grew tired of frolicking over the smooth, trim walks, Jerry would lead his little "adopted" away to one or another of his many friends among the Creole fruit vendors and deliver him over to their motherly care.

Mere Rose, a celebrity in her way,—for keeping the most tempting of stalls, in the coolest of sheltered nooks,—had ever the kindliest of welcomes in her little French heart for "*l'ange pauvre joli*," as she always termed the lovely child in her liquid Southern patois. There, enthroned on an inverted basket, surrounded by luscious fruits from tropical climes, with purple grapes wreathed above his golden-ringed head, Bebe looked out with gleeful blue eyes on the pageantried street, like a veritable young Bacchant keeping his own *fete*.

When sleep overcame the white, long-fringed lids, the bright golden head would drop down among the fragrant heaps, and Bebe would be in happy dream-land for hours. But such halcyon days could not last forever. The short Southern winter came after a while; and, to many a one's dismay, came with unprecedented severity beside. Jerry's little home-roof suffered in consequence, like all others of its kind. In the struggle for daily food, the brave-hearted bread-winner did not falter or lose courage, but the warfare was telling surely on his robust frame. A look of anxious care became habitual to the once smiling, *insouciant* face. Yet the fact that bread was harder to obtain and coarser than its wont, was not the chief cause for that look of care. Jerry was troubled far more by a sad necessity the inclement weather laid on him.

When the streets ran rivers of furious rain, and icy-breathed winds swept through the whole town, Bebe could not go out. Every one else in the rickety old house did go out; compelled, like Jerry, to seek their bread. Thus there was no one with whom to leave the tender child, and Jerry was forced to lock him up in the great empty house from day-light till dark, with only Curly-Wig for a companion and protector. Bebe's small intelligence could not grasp the full meaning of his cruel imprisonment, and the passionate grief he exhibited on each morning of its occurrence nearly broke his reluctant gaoler's heart. All the weary day, through his sad memory would ring the childish pleading—"Deer Jeerwey, don't lebe Bebe in de big dwark 'ouse—Maman Woze teep good Bebe." No wonder his swarthy cheek paled and grew haggard under the strain.

How the "shut-ins" passed their time Jerry could only conjecture. As it was always dusk when he returned, he invariably found Bebe asleep on their wretched pallet-bed, while Curly-Wig would dash forward to welcome him, evidently roused from his own napping, beside the unconscious child, by his master's familiar step. Despite of all, Jerry's generous nature had never yet known any regret.

Southern winters wear frequent smiles; and on those genial days Bebe returned to the streets. At each fresh reappearance "Maman Woze" makes a little festival in honor of the "liberation" of "*l'ange pauvre joli*," nor is faithful Curly-Wig forgotten. Many hunger-appeasing slices of fine white bread intended for him, find their way inside the small basket of dainty cakes and sugared bonbons that is always in waiting for the delighted child.

The winter was drawing to a close when a fateful day arrived to them.

Jerry had been alone on the streets again, for the weather, though not cold, was exceedingly stormy.

Hurrying along in the dusk of the evening, he suddenly came face to face with Captain Clack, the very skipper who had half way promised to give him "a taste of salt water life" some day.

"Well met, my hearty!" cried the jovial old tar, giving Jerry's ragged shoulder a friendly clap. "I was even now on the lookout for ye, lad. Shall we cruise together at sunrise to-morrow?"

Where was the doubt of it? Not in Jerry's proudly beating heart. Two minutes later he had parted from the skipper, and went on his way in a delirium of joy.

Passers-by glanced curiously at the incongruously ragged, forlorn figure, and ecstatic looking face.

Unconscious of their gaze, Jerry reached the old house, climbs the broken stairs, and pushes open his own rickety door, before the shock of Curly-Wig's welcoming bark restores his wandering senses. Recoiling, as if from a sharp blow, he cries aloud, "Wot's cum to me now—I nuvver onct thort uv ther chile." Then began a conflict which ended only with the dawn.

With the look of a hunted animal on his suddenly aged face, Jerry raced about the great, bare garret, as if he would fain escape from the torturing thoughts that hounded him on. Hours passed by. The unconscious child slept on. The repulsed dog crept back to his post beside the sleeping child. Only the echo of hurried irregular steps filled the air. At last regret had touched him.

Cold, and hunger, and toil; he had endured all three for the sake of the child.

But this—the cherished dream of his poor vagrant life—could he renounce that, too, for the sake of another?

Toward day-dawn he sinks to the ground in sheer exhaustion, but no sleep relieved the tortured mind. As the glimmering light of day peeps through the one small window, the recumbent figure struggles wearily once more to his feet. It steals softly towards the door. Noiselessly though it moves, the faithful dog is instantly by its side. Then Jerry stoops to pat the matted head and whispers in the attentive ear:

"No, Curly can't go—he must stay here and watch Bebe."

The obedient little creature goes immediately back to his charge, and Jerry glides swiftly through the door.

The street gained, which way will he go? Is it himself, he is fleeing from, or the child? His face, wan and haggard in the fast flushing day, is resolutely turned toward the sea. Alas! then, it is the child.

He sets out on his race with the sun, and as his fleet footsteps echo on the cobble-stones of the quay, its first golden shaft dips in the sea. A ship's gig is in the act of putting off from shore and Skipper Clack is seated astern in it. At the sight Jerry breathes hard, and redoubles his exertions to reach the shore.

"Aha! my lad," cries the roaring voice of the skipper in welcoming tone.

With white, set face, the ragged figure stumbles forward, then falls to its knees on the wet stones beside the ship's boat. Between hurried gasps for breath the half-choked voice exclaims:—

"O! sur, I 'opes yule furgive me. 'Taint thet I doant warnt ter go, but I kant dessurt ther chile." The ship anchored in the offing, is ready to sail, but kindly-natured old Skipper Clack will not go until he has drawn the whole pathetic story from the quivering lips of the boy.

A tale, told by its hero, in simple unconsciousness of his own heroic part therein. Deeply touched, the good captain winks the sympathetic moisture from his own keen gray eyes, and motions his men to "give way"; then leaning over the side grasps the grimy hands of the little gamin boot-black in friendly parting, and cries cheerily, "Shiver my topsails, lad, but old Captain Clack will keep his word, and make a sailor of ye yet." Then more lowly and gravely added, "the great captain of us all will never desert the man that stands by his guns: remember that." Later, a goodly ship sails proudly out to sea and a solitary figure stands motionless on the lonely shore.

But a light, that comes not from sea or land, gleams on his pallid brow like to that of those "shining ones permitted to draw near the Holy Mount."

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

Lord Wolseley remarks emphatically in his "Soldier's Pocket Book"—"The old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march, has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is only still maintained by men who mistake the craving arising solely from habit for the promptings of nature."

LIFE'S STORY.

Our actions are the pens which dip themselves
In our heart's blood to write Life's story out,
And then the finished tale lies on time's shelves,
For the old world to read and talk about.
—*Selected.*

THE MUTUAL FRIEND.

Miss Holman, a quiet, tastefully-dressed maiden lady, with a charming air of old-fashioned loveliness about her, stood in the vine-wreathed doorway of a quaint country parsonage with a hip roof and skylights that looked out into the thick branches of fir-trees that stood up stiff and straight like sentinels each side of the door.

"How exactly that dainty little woman fits into the restful picture," thought Mary Wright, a somewhat weary-faced young girl, as she pushed back the gate, walked up the gravel walk, and said pleasantly:

"Good afternoon, madam. Is Mrs. Holt at home?"

"Not just now," was the reply, "but she left word that any calling friend must wait a little for her. Will you walk into the parlor or shall we sit here?"

"Oh, here, if you please," replied Mary. "We shall not be poor company if, as I suppose, Mrs. Holt is our mutual friend."

The older woman looked into the face of the younger with a winsome smile, as she said in a fresh, cheery voice:

"Have we not a stronger tie than that? Have not both the best friend, who in his own gracious words, said, 'Lo, I am with you alway'?"

"Yes," said Mary, as she took Miss Holman's proffered hand and sat down by her side on the little porch. "Yet it seems easier to speak of a mutual friend who may just at the time be away from us than it is to speak of this best Friend, though we may love him and are his professed disciples. I suppose it is because we are timid."

"That thought is a delusion," said Miss Holman, gravely, for you are not at all timid. You were entirely self-contained, my dear, when you came here and asked for Mrs. Holt just now."

"But I am not alone in this backwardness of speaking of our Saviour," pleaded Mary.

"No, my child, more is the pity. It is a prevailing weakness of Christian society. It is one of the reasons why the world lies so long in wickedness. Christians do not realize their union with the Lord Jesus. If they did they would have a holy boldness that would make it easy for them, out of loving, loyal hearts, to speak to others about their absent master."

"Now please tell me what this union with Christ is," said Mary, anxiously. "I know I love him, and yet it is not easy for me to speak of him. It is a heavy cross upon me to even testify of him in our little social meetings, and yet I am more and more dissatisfied with myself because I do not own his name and serve him better."

"Do you remember those words of Paul when he tells us we are the temples of the Holy Spirit?"

"Yes, madam, I often recall them; but how am I to realize their significance?"

"By cheerfully going forward and showing the religion of the Master in just as pleasing and desirable an aspect as possible, by being self-poised, patient, charitable always, long suffering, gentle, pure in thought and expression, not only with fellow-Christians, but with the world's people; and so you shall make an abiding impression on them for good."

"But," said Mary, "how can I do all this and yet live my every-day life, guarding my walk and talk with almost everybody, Christian and unbeliever alike, with whom I come in contact?"

"That is just the point, my dear. If, when you meet with those who know nothing of this Saviour so precious to you, you do not fail to speak of him, your fancied timidity will be dispelled and your life will become a joyous one right away. And then if you break the ice with fellow-disciples in loving, loyal reference to our common Lord, you will doubtless find them responsive.

"I was set to work," continued Miss Holman earnestly, "just after my conversion by carrying out this idea of a mutual friend, and in every instance the words I wanted to say have been put into my mouth in some way, as they were by you this afternoon. It has been my privilege to point out this way to scores of others, and if they each in turn, are faithful, what may not that one simple thought accomplish? If each man, woman and child who finds him will only come out from the world in the sense of making it their chief joy to serve him by telling some one else of him, what a work might be done!"

Never Alone.

As Sung by THOS. E. LEYDEN. Arr. by J. P. WESTON.

1. I have seen the lightning flashing, And heard the thunder roll; I have felt sin's
2. When this world's winds are blowing, Temptations sharp and keen, I.. have a
3. When in affliction's dark val-ley, Tread-ing the footpaths of care, My Saviour
4. For.... me he died on the mountain, For me they pierc'd his side; For me he
breakers dashing, Trying to conquer my soul: But I heard the voice of my
peace in knowing My Saviour stands be-tween: Stands to shield me from
helps me to carry My cross when heavy to bear: When my feet are entangl'd with
open'd the fountain The crimson sin-cleansing tide: For me he's pleading in
Sav-iour -Telling me still to fight on — And he promis'd never to leave me,
dan-ger, When earthly friends are all gone. For he promis'd never to leave me,
bri-ars Of sin, to tum-ble me down, My Saviour then whispers this promise,
glo-ry, From whence he'll come for his own; He'll remember me, for he's promis'd
REFRAIN.
Nev-er to leave me a-lone. No, never a-lone, No, never a-
3dv "I never will leave thee alone."
No, never alone, No,
lone,..... He promised never to leave me, No, nev-er a-lone,
never a-lone,

"I often feel a burden for the unconverted," said Mary, "and I pray for them."

"And so do scores who do not use the means God has given them to carry on his work of saving sinners. We have opportunities constantly of working for Jesus. He sends some one every day to me. This afternoon it was you, dear. I might have let the opportunity slip—there were plenty of other things pleasant to chat about."

"Nothing so pleasant as this," said Mary, looking through her tears into the gentle face beside her. "I was feeling utterly dissatisfied with my life, well knowing that I was doing nothing at all; that in a spiritual sense my life was a blank to those about me. What religion I have is folded up and hid away in my breast for my own secret comfort, and I came to ask Mrs. Holt, provided I could muster the courage, how I could set myself at work; and without asking a question my query is solved. It seems to me the Lord must have known of my perplexity."

"Do not doubt it, dear," said Miss Holman. "But there comes Mrs. Holt, with her face that is always a benediction, so full of peace is she. And some time, my child, you and I and all those we have helped shall stand before our best friend in heaven. Think of that as well as of his sweet service here below, and so take courage to make his work your chief joy."—*Selected.*

MR. WOOLLEY'S STORY.

A lady writing to the *Christian at Work* about the Northfield meetings tells the following story:

Mr. John C. Woolley, of Minnesota, is a reformed drunkard. He is a lawyer, it is said of great ability, and had an income of many thousands of dollars before he was overcome by his appetite for liquor. His story was one of the most thrilling that I ever heard related in public, and in spite of a certain hesitancy in the speaker, was effective to a degree that is seldom equalled.

"I was in New York at one time," he said, "trying to get sober. I had no money, and was just living on anyhow from day to day, almost starving, but determined to live an honest, sober life. Suddenly, I received a letter from my wife saying that she and my three boys were coming on from the west,—that I must engage a house right away. They were coming to live with me. What could I do? But by borrowing a little and working very hard, I managed to fix up some rooms for them, and we set up our home again. We were very happy. I did not drink, and though I earned only a dollar a day as a printer, we lived on it. We had rice for breakfast, and bread for dinner, and rice for supper, but we didn't mind it—oh, no! My wife sang for joy, and smiled all the time, and the boys pretended they never liked anything as they liked rice; and as for butter, they scorned it!—didn't want any under any circumstances!

"One day I went up the river on some business. I had to change cars at a certain place, and as I stood waiting at the junction, the fumes from a saloon across the way were constantly wafted to me. It was cold weather, and there was a warmth and comfort about them which appealed to me. I stepped over and ordered a glass of whiskey. The bartender got it for me. I lifted it to my lips, when suddenly my wife's face rose up before me, and I set the glass down. I sat for a while on the other side of the room. Suddenly I got up and rushed over to the counter. "Give me that glass of whiskey," I said. I drank it, and I know nothing more for ten days. Then my wife, who by writing and telegraphing here and there, had got track of me, came and brought me home.

"Oh, I was wretched! I was ashamed to the last fibre of my being; I was lying in bed that night, long after my wife and the boys were asleep, and I was making up my mind that I would run away before they awoke. I would bury myself where they could not find me. I had tried, and they had done all they could to help me, and I had failed. There was no use in trying any more. I would just give up and go off by myself and die the drunkard's death for which I was destined.

"Suddenly a voice seemed to speak to me. It seemed to say—and I do not think I had heard the words for years—'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' A new feeling, different from anything that I had ever known, possessed me. I seemed to know that Jesus Christ was in the room, and that he loved me."

Mr. Woolley went on to describe the waking of his wife and children, the little praise meeting that they held around the bed in the dim light of daybreak, and the wonderful way in which he had been sustained since then. There was scarcely a dry eye in the audience as he concluded. If Christ could save a man like this, what could he not do for all of us? Mr. Woolley put in a powerful plea for the abolishing of wine at the communion service.

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